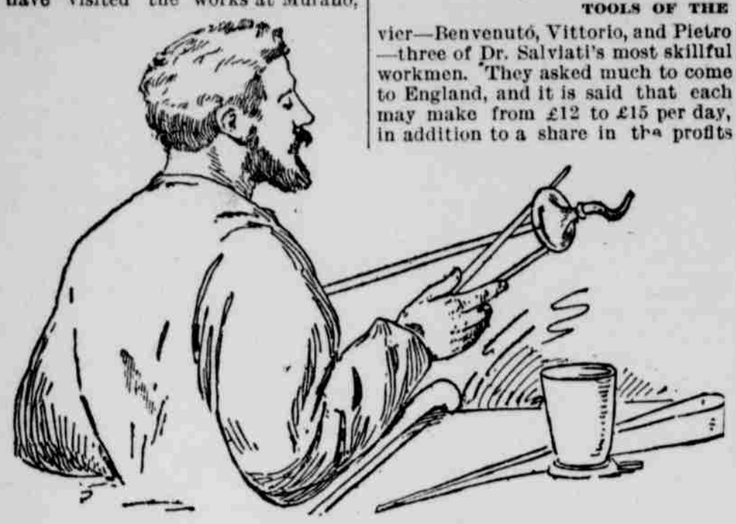
# PAYING THE PENALTY.

## SIGHTLESS EYES THE REWARDS OF GLASS-BLOWERS.

**A Curious Trade in Which the Workmen Labor with the Certainty that Success Means a Fortune in Money and Loss of Sight.**

**High Art in Glass Blowing.**

The most curious and interesting thing to see at Venice in London—next, of course, to the superb and bewildering spectacle which Mr. Imre Kiralfy has placed upon the great stage—is the furnace of Dr. Salviati. Salviati glass has a world-wide reputation, and many traveling English have visited the works at Murano,

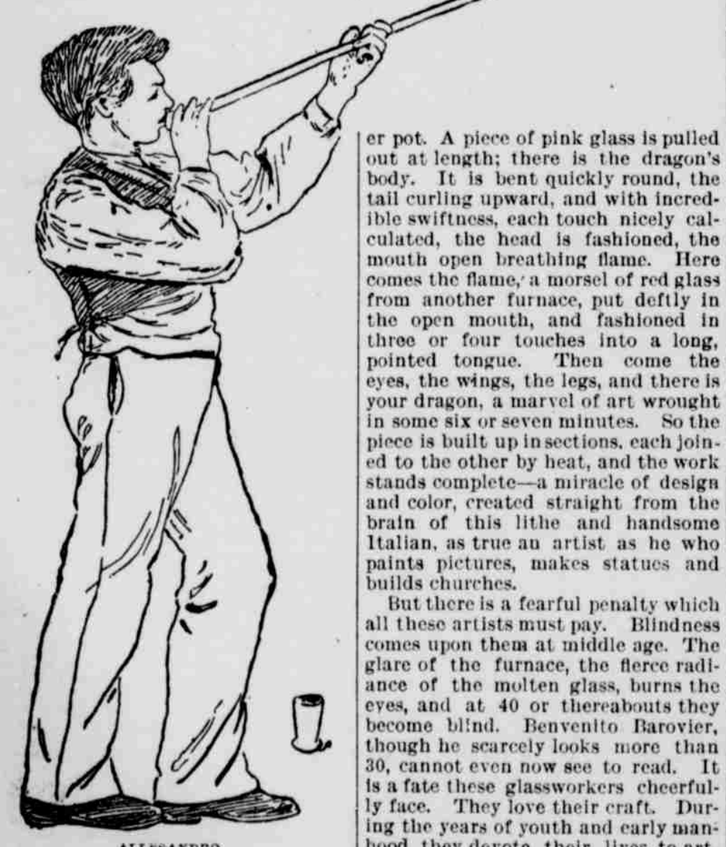


BENVENUTO BAROVIER.

where the glass is made. But this is the first time that the process has been shown in England. The Salviati furnace at Olympia is in Modern Venice. If you are fortunate Dr. Guilio Salviati himself may act as your guide, a courteous gentleman

DR. GUILIO SALVIATI.

who is a son of the Salviati who revived the Mosaic industry at Murano after it had practically fallen into disuse for years. Entering, you find yourself in a semicircular room of

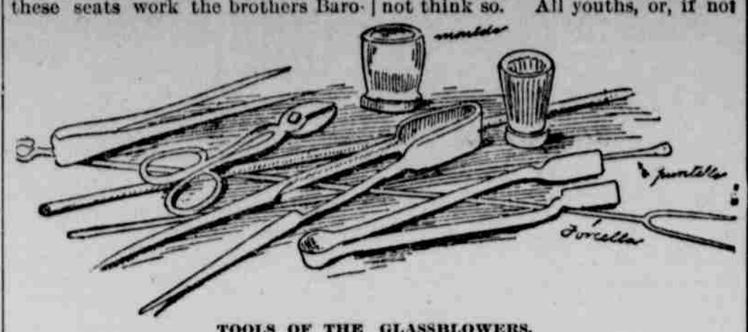


ALLESANDRO.

considerable size with raised tiers of benches to enable the spectators to witness the manufacture of the glass. In the center stands the furnace, which consumes daily some three tons of good British oak. The furnace is divided into different "pots," each containing molten glass of some special color, and the temperature is about 1470 degrees Fahrenheit.

What is the composition of the glass Dr. Salviati declares that he himself does not know. It is a jealously guarded trade secret. The visitor may notice a taciturn old man who moves quietly about among the workmen and disappears now and again into a dark room at the back, where the mysterious materials are kept. Sometimes he is to be seen sitting outside, staring gloomily into the shallow lead-lined canals made in imitation of those of his own Venice. "There," says Dr. Salviati, pointing at him almost with reverence, "look at that old man; he alone knows the secret." It may be so; but that granitic sand from the Murano lagoon is the basis of the mixture is well known. To this is added niter, soda, lime, oxide of lead, arsenic and many other secret things to give the exquisite tinges of amber, sea green and pink, which are one of the chief beauties of the Salviati glass.

Through the sketches of Mr. W. F. Britten in Black and White the reader will be able to get a good idea of the process. In front of the furnaces are three or four rough seats, each furnished with horizontal projecting arms covered with iron. At these seats work the brothers Barovier—Benvenutó, Vittorio, and Pietro—three of Dr. Salviati's most skillful workmen. They asked much to come to England, and it is said that each may make from £12 to £15 per day, in addition to a share in the profits upon the sale of the articles which they produce.



TOOLS OF THE GLASSBLOWERS.

Benvenuto is going to make a piece of glass—a flower vase supported on a sea-dragon. He has no pattern, no gauge, and his only tools are some pincers and scissors. He takes a long blowpipe of iron, dips it into one of the pots, and withdraws it with a quantity of glowing glass hanging to the end like honey on a stick. Twisting the rod deftly in his hand, he is at his seat in a moment, and constantly rolling the rod backwards and forwards on the arms of his seat, he begins to fashion the bottom of the stand with a pair of pincers. The glass soon cools and has to be plunged again into the furnace. Again it is withdrawn and manipulated with extraordinary dexterity. It takes shape as if by magic under the hand of the artist, and becomes a round stand with a stem to support the dragon. Then an assistant takes it away to keep it hot in another furnace.

Now comes the dragon from another pot. A piece of pink glass is pulled out at length; there is the dragon's body. It is bent quickly round, the tail curling upward, and with incredible swiftness, each touch nicely calculated, the head is fashioned, the mouth open breathing flame. Here comes the flame, a morsel of red glass from another furnace, put deftly in the open mouth, and fashioned in three or four touches into a long, pointed tongue. Then come the eyes, the wings, the legs, and there is your dragon, a marvel of art wrought in some six or seven minutes. So the piece is built up in sections, each joined to the other by heat, and the work stands complete—a miracle of design and color, created straight from the brain of this lithe and handsome Italian, as true an artist as he who paints pictures, makes statues and builds churches.

But there is a fearful penalty which all these artists must pay. Blindness comes upon them at middle age. The glare of the furnace, the fierce radiance of the molten glass, burns the eyes, and at 40 or thereabouts they become blind. Benvenito Barovier, though he scarcely looks more than 30, cannot even now see to read. It is a fate these glassworkers cheerfully face. They love their craft. During the years of youth and early manhood they devote their lives to art, to the production of fragile dreams of beauty in glass which a touch will pulverize, and then they are content

HE ALONE KNOWS THE SECRET.

to go into the night and spend their old age in darkness. For they are rich and honored.

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WHEN the Chief of Police in Sacramento reprimanded a patrolman, the latter gave him a thrashing, and then went about his accustomed duty of preserving the peace. The inference that the discipline of the Sacramento force is at a low ebb can hardly be avoided, and the chief when his closed eye shall open may be expected to look into the matter.

**Conceit in Youngsters.**

It is a good thing for a young man to be "knocked about in the world," though his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or, if not all, certainly nineteen-twentieths of the sum total, enter life with a surplusage of self-conceit. The sooner they are relieved of it the better. If, in measuring themselves with wiser and older men than themselves, they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully, of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable, for their own sakes, that it be knocked out of them. A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level.

The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place, says the New York Ledger. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed in the position of a leader; if not, whatever his own opinion of his abilities may be, he will be compelled to fall in with the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing to which he can aspire is respectability, but no man can either be truly great or truly respectable who is vain, pompous and overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social status, be the same high or low, the probability is that the disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down or worn away. Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough, but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not as reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet and arrived, though by a rough road, at self-knowledge. Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youths to be knocked about in the world; it makes men of them.

**The Food of Different Peoples.**

Many nations, many dishes! Some articles that are esteemed as delicacies by certain nations are regarded with disgust by others. According to the Pacific Record the Turk is seized with violent trembling at the very idea of eating oysters. The American Indians look upon an invasion of grasshoppers as a mark of especial favor from the Great Spirit, and make the best of such a time to lay up a store of provisions for the future. Buckland states that among certain people a mixture of fish, nearly putrefied, and soap suds is preferred to the best butter. In Canton and other Chinese cities rats are sold at ten cents a dozen, and a hind-quarter of a dog is more expensive than mutton or beef. Some of the East Indians eat serpents dried in the oven, but despise the flesh of rabbits. Lizard eggs are a delicacy in the islands of the Pacific, and many people besides the aborigines of the Argentine Republic esteem the flesh of the skunk. Ants are eaten by many peoples, and in Siam a curry of ants' eggs often tickles the palates of the wealthy. The silkworm is eaten with relish by the Chinese, and a dessert of roast snails is considered a fitting termination of a feast in New Caledonia.

**A Queer Tribute.**

In many instances, particularly in olden times, large and powerful nations have demanded tribute from smaller and weaker states. This demand was generally complied with by the petty ruler, who fancied that such a step would render his throne secure. When a tribute-paying king thought he could whip the other he generally stopped making any payment, and then there was a fight about it. As a rule the tribute consisted of so much gold or some rich product of the country. A queer tribute, however, was exacted by King Edgar the Peaceable, who ruled over a part of Britain about 900 years ago. Then there were several petty kings scattered here and there, and a much larger number of fierce wolves ran wild. So in 961 King Edgar commanded that all who paid him tribute should pay it in wolves' heads, and from Wales he demanded 300 annually. As there were plenty of wolves this tribute was easily paid at first, and people in those days did not regard the selection of wolves' heads as at all queer, for the payment of tribute was merely an acknowledgment of the other nation's strength. So the wolves' head tribute was regularly paid until wolves began to get pretty well thinned out, and parts of England were entirely divested of the animals, which, perhaps, was just what the king wanted. — Harper's Young People.

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THE Colorado coal producers and those of Tennessee are seeking to arrange a combine in their respective localities. As they produce soft coal their task will prove a difficult one, so far as following in the tracks of the anthracite trust is concerned. Vast portions of the country are underlaid with this bituminous article and attempts at monopoly will only lead to greater development and keener competition.

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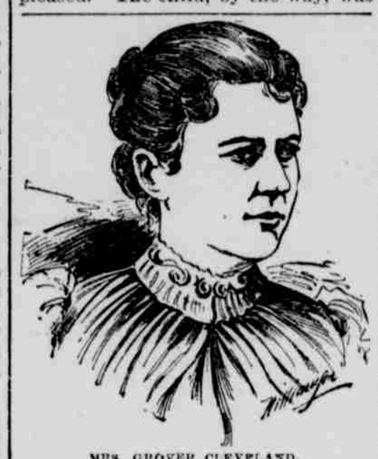
POLISHED hard-coal settings will soon be the proper caper in jewelry with the favored few who can afford it.

# MRS. CLEVELAND.

**She Who Is Again to Be the First Lady of the Land.**

The result of the election has again brought Mrs. Cleveland prominently before the people. During the two years she was mistress of the White House she presented to the American people a model of the true American woman. Frances Folsom's father was a law partner of Grover Cleveland, and the future President was her friend and patron before he became her lover and husband. While she was a student at Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., Mr. Cleveland was Governor of the State, and every week great hampers of roses and other choice flowers arrived at the little lakeside village from Albany. During her junior year he became President, but the flowers continued to arrive, and when she was graduated, in June, 1885, and a houseful of exotics and roses came to her, it was generally known that she had surrendered her heart. The class ivy of 1885, which still coils around and creeps up the walls of Morgan Hall, was sent by the President to his affianced bride, and she and her classmates planted it during a gentle June shower. The marriage, which took place in 1886, is well remembered, and when little Ruth came to the happy couple the whole country was pleased. The child, by the way, was



MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND.

named after Ruth Tappan, a daughter of Mrs. Tappan, of Potsdam, N. Y., who was a student in the class of '89 at Wells. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland have a modest but attractive home in New York City, a summer home, Gray Gables, at Buzzard's Bay, Mass., and a country home at Lakewood, N. J. Mrs. Cleveland has shown little fondness for society, but the massive doors of the "four hundred" have opened wide before her. Mrs. Cleveland is 28 years of age, having been born July 28, 1864. She was married to the President June 2, 1886.

**Marking Their Lovers.**

While visiting in a Norway village, a traveler, who we will call Mr. L., took lessons in Norse from a lady. One evening there chanced to be present a certain Norwegian gentleman. When the lady rose to go to her lodging in an adjoining house, Mr. L. offered to escort her; but she declined the offer abruptly.

Rather surprised at her manner, Mr. L. asked the Norwegian if the young lady was engaged or married, and, if not, what was the meaning of the ring she wore?

"I am ignorant," he continued, "of the difference of your rings between married, going to be married, and never going to be married."

"Oh, you will never tell that," said the Norwegian, laughing loudly. "We cannot mark the women in this country as you do, but they mark the men. Amongst us it is the man that wears the ring."

"Oh, I see! That is a new light!" said the traveler, taking the man's left hand, on the fourth finger of which was a plain gold ring. "That is your wedding ring, then?"

"Nai, nai!" he replied blushing. "That means I have got to be married!"

"And then what becomes of it?"

"We put it on the right hand instead of the left," replied the Norwegian, holding out his hand to say "good-night."

Then as he was closing the door behind him, he said, in confidential tones:

"Yes; that young lady who was talking to you is going to marry me next month!"

**An Unhappy Bridegroom.**

"There are discomforts connected with getting married that very few people know anything about, except the bridegrooms," remarked a young man, who had recently gone through the experience.

"I did not suppose the honeymoon period had any drawbacks, Jack," ventured the bachelor reporter.

"Well, it has some curious incidentals that I never dreamed of. After the public announcements of the date of my wedding—they appeared in most of the city papers—I began to receive a steady stream of circulars. There were circulars from haberdashers, shoe stores and florists, and two applications from real estate agents to show flats, and three days before my wedding arrived a printed slip, ostensibly a cutting from a newspaper.

"This was truly a curiosity. It was headed, '—— to Marry,' although all New York were agog at my approaching ceremony, and then under the important line 'by telegraph' followed a fulsome account of myself. My brief and uneventful career was padded up to heroic size; every phase of it that could appeal to vanity was dwelt upon, and just as some agreeable remarks were being made about my personal appearance 'the article' had been clipped, and I was informed by an accompanying circular that I could obtain copies of the paper, one, or any number, by sending two dollars to a certain box at the New York Postoffice.

"Of course I ignored this tricky scheme, though as a device for bleeding the vain it was most interesting; but on my return to New York, after the affair was all over, my real woes began. The legitimate press associations kindly informed me that there were fourteen notices of my marriage, and that I could have them all for a consideration.

"I devoted my first hour after returning to business to this class of applicants, when a visitor was announced. He turned out to be an insurance agent, and for five days I talked insurance, read insurance, dreamed insurance. The elevator brought the agents in person, the mail brought their letters. I even received two telegrams on the subject. From one company alone came four different canvassers. My business was interrupted and my patience was exhausted. Late on the sixth day of this plague, when I was in no mood for trifling, the door of my outoffice opened, and a small man, with red whiskers and spectacles, came slowly in.

"'It's no use to come any further,' I called to him. 'I know your company. There have been four other men ahead of you, so it's no use. There's an elevator in the hall. You can ride down in it free, my friend; but if you say insurance around here I'll give you a chance to go down the stairs free—ride down, too——'

"I stopped here to draw breath, and the red-headed man said:

"'You were married last month?'

"'I was. Now, ask my age,' I suggested, 'and compute my chances of life.'

"'Well, you married my niece,' continued the man. 'I have just been calling at your house, and she sent me down to surprise you. I reckon it's the other way; and now I'll go out and take that free elevator.'

"I tried to apologize and explain," added the unfortunate bridegroom, sadly, "but it was no use; he went."

**A Simple Regimen in Obesity.**

The Journal de la Sante attributes to a medical officer of the French army the latest "cure" for obesity, which is strangely simple in its carrying out. The form of diet was simply a restriction to one dish at each meal, irrespective of what that dish might be, and, no matter whether the quantity consumed was greater or smaller, it was made to satisfy the desire of food to the full at each meal. No supplementary dishes, such as soups, desserts or condiments, were allowed; one single dish, and that taken plain, was found to satisfy the appetite much sooner than a variety of dishes, even if the quantity was apparently smaller and on almost as abstemious scale. This regimen was employed also in the case of a lady whose embonpoint threatened too rapid increase, with good results and without any discomfort in the observance of the restrictions. In fact, in one or two instances, the reduction of corpulence has seemed to go on rather too rapidly and it has been deemed best to take means for restoration, in a measure, of that which has been lost. Under this system, as under most others, the excessive imbibition of liquids has to be forbidden, care being taken not to enforce the abstinence from water, especially, to the point where symptoms of circulatory depression arise from insufficiency of volume of blood in the vessels.—New York Medical Journal.

**Corot and Daubigny.**

We readily associate the names of Corot and Daubigny, and with reason. Notwithstanding the twenty years' seniority of the former artist, they were very intimate friends, sharing many similar aspirations in art, while each still preserved his distinct individuality. Corot was more subjective, tingeing his works with his own peculiar poetic fancy. Daubigny, on the other hand, gave himself up more to the impression of the moment, endeavoring to express the local qualities of form and color in all their brilliancy and freshness. He did not reach perfection of style at the beginning of his career, but through most devoted study, guided by the native strength and originality of his views; nor did this high epoch of landscape-art come hastily or accidentally, but was made possible by the united efforts of many men and minds working together during the first half of our century.—Century.

**Where Tortoise-Shell Comes From.**

I understand that the finest tortoise-shell comes from the Indian archipelago and is shipped from Singapore; and much of it is obtained on the Florida coast. There are three rows of plates on the back, called "blades" by the fishermen.

In the central row are five plates, and in each of the others four plates, the latter containing the best material. Beside these there are twenty-five small plates around the edges of the shell, known as "feet" or "noses." The biggest turtle does not furnish more than sixteen pounds of tortoise-shell. Formerly the under shell was thrown away, being considered worthless; but at present it is very highly valued for its delicacy of coloring. Nowadays a very beautiful imitation of tortoise-shell is made of cows' horns.

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BLESSINGS which we have slighted when in our possession are more highly prized when there is danger of our being deprived of them, and our hearts are more keenly touched by the anticipation of loss than by the fullness of enjoyment.

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THE test of a man is not whether he can govern a kingdom single-handed, but whether he can govern himself, and thus have his private life tender and considerate, so as to make his wife and children happy

# HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

## STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

**Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent World Artists of Our Own Day.**

**A Sprinkle of Spice.**

THE hunter's horn isn't automatic, but it goes when you wind it.—Elmira Gazette.

IT doesn't take much of a hunter to bag his trousers.—Glens Falls Republican.

POSITIVE, good; comparative, better; superlative, better not.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BALL-PLAYING is a sort of grab game so far as the catcher is concerned.—Picayune.

IT is strange paradox that fast colors are colors that will not run.—Boston Transcript.

THE liquor question staggers the intemperate man more than any one else.—Lowell Courier.

IN his moments of abstraction even the pickpocket thinks time is money.—Philadelphia Times.

THE book agent is another thing that never goes without saying.—Binghamton Republican.

A DRINKING-SONG to be popular should be written with a rest at the bar.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

YOU cannot expect a man to keep an unmoved face when he lets his countenance fall.—Siftings.

WE can't blame actors for being superstitious when we contemplate the supers.—Elmira Gazette.

IF the keeper of the jail is a jailer why isn't the keeper of the prison a prisoner?—Sheffield Telegraph.

NOT one man in a dozen will tell the truth if you ask him why he wears a plug hat.—Ram's Horn.

FLYTIME may be over, but in the boarding-house fruit-cake the fly is still currant.—Yonkers Gazette.

A NEW novel is called "There Is No Death." It is the story of the ballet girl.—Philadelphia Record.

TRUE enough, rightly looked into, clothes don't make a man, but how about habits?—Philadelphia Times.

"THE man who just passed is an educated Indian." "Then I suppose he lives on a mental reservation."—Puck.

COLD contracts. That's why your pocketbook is so small when you have coaled up for the winter.—Dansville Breeze.

IF oil can still the fury of the waves, why does not every ship take plenty of it in her cruise?—Texas Siftings.

AN Irish friend insists that the chief pleasure in kissing a pretty girl is when she won't let you.—Boston Transcript.

PERDIDA—How do you know that he is a gentleman? Penelope—Why, any girl could tell that by the crease in his trousers.—Truth.

THERE'S this to be said of fall fashions, that a man never goes down with the same grace that a woman does.—Philadelphia Times.

BONDS—Are you quick at footing figures, Coupons? Coupons—Yes, if they're dudes' figures. I have an only daughter.—New York Herald.

PARKER—I know a girl who married a Chinaman. Mrs. Parker.—Mercy! How could she? Parker—She was Chinese herself.—Puck.

A CONNECTICUT man swallowed his false teeth while asleep. He should not be surprised if he feels as if something were gnawing at his vitals.—Picayune.

"THIS is an I-deal hand," remarked the gambler under his breath; as he dealt himself four aces and the other fellow a quartet of monarchs.—Philadelphia Record.

"I AM getting tired of this injustice," said the trigger to the barrel. "You are the one who gets loaded, and then I get pulled on account of it."—Indianapolis Journal.

"DO YOU ever suffer from stage fright?" asked Adlet of the famous tragedian. "Oh, yes," he replied. "One of the ugliest girls in the ballet is in love with me."—Judge.

WAITER—Er—it's customary here for the guests to remember the waiter, sir. Irate patron (who has been poorly served)—Well, I shou'd think it would be.—Chicago News.

THE fact that a public official is the servant of the people does not seem to excite any wild desire to remain one of "the people" and be waited on.—Washington Star.

"I HAVE such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes, so George says," responded Mr. Spiteful. "Sometimes indulges a little too much, doesn't he?"—Tid-Bits.

IT is rather hard on the men, but no unmarried woman ever gets up in prayer-meeting and talks about her trials and burdens being harder than she can bear.—Atchison Globe.

"I TELL you," exclaimed Mr. Blossom, of St. Louis, debating with a Chicago man, "I tell you that St. Louis is the banner town." "Yes," admitted Mr. Livewayte, of Chicago, "I understand it is a flag station."—Puck.

GENTLEMAN—Good evening, my little dear. Is your papa at home? Little Dear—I don't know; I'll see. Mamma is at home, and when she's around I never can tell whether papa is here or not, he's so quiet.—Exchange.

VISITOR—"Is that your little son in the next room whistling: 'I Want to Be a Soldier of the Cross?' " Fond Mother (making for the door)—"Yes; he's trying to drown out the sound of the key turning in the pantry lock."—New York Herald.